GOOL-Power: Coco Bandicoot Gets a Whuppin' on Her Wumpas
By Yu May

Part 1: The Bandicoot Family

Once upon a time, in the lush rainforests of N. Sanity Island, there lived a bandicoot named Crash. He was a fun-loving and adventurous creature who loved to run and jump around the island, always seeking new thrills and challenges.

Despite his lack of verbal communication skills, Crash had a knack for expressing himself with his signature catchphrase, "Woah!" It was his go-to word for almost everything, from expressing excitement to showing concern.

One day, while exploring a mysterious temple deep in the jungle, Crash stumbled upon a talking magical mask named Aku Aku. The mask explained to Crash that he was a powerful talisman that had been entrusted to protect the balance of the island's magical energy.

Aku Aku sensed that Crash was destined for greatness and decided to become his mentor and guide, helping him navigate through the dangerous terrain of the island and thwarting the evil plans of the island's primary antagonist, Dr. Neo Cortex.

Crash was not alone in his quest to save the island, as he had his clever little sister Coco by his side. Coco was a genius with computers and gadgets, and her technical expertise proved invaluable in defeating Dr. Cortex's minions.

Together, Crash, Coco, and Aku Aku embarked on many adventures to save their island home from the clutches of evil.

They had become a family, and though their adventures were perilous, they had grown closer together as a result. And as for Crash, he continued to explore the island, shouting his favorite catchphrase all the way: "Woah!"

Part 2: Coco Gets Into Trouble

Things had been going well, and Crash had almost collected all the crystals and gems he needed to defeat Dr. Neo Cortex, but Coco Bandicoot was growing impatient. “It’s not fair! Why should Crash get all the fun?”

Ignoring Aku Aku’s warnings to stay home and wait to offer Crash back up, Coco had snuck out of her room and made her way to Cortex’s headquarters alone. With her trusty computer skills, she had managed to hack into the security system and was sneaking around, trying to find a way to take him down.

As she was making her way down the hallway, two bodyguards, Dingodile and Tiny the Tiger, appeared out of nowhere and captured her. Coco struggled to break free but they were too strong.

"Hey, let me go! I'm not afraid of you two!" Coco yelled.

Dingodile chuckled. "Oh really? You should be, lass. You've broken into our boss's property and that's not something we take lightly."

Tiny growled in agreement. "Boss will teach you a lesson, little girl!"

Suddenly, Dr. Cortex's face appeared on a nearby TV screen. "Well, well, well. Look what we have here. A little bandicoot trying to play hero on my turf," he sneered.

Coco glared at the screen. "I'll stop you no matter what!"

Dr. Cortex laughed. "Oh, I doubt that. But for now, my dear Dingodile and Tiny will have to teach you a lesson about respecting other people's property."

Coco's eyes widened in horror as Dingodile stepped forward and grabbed her arm. "Hold still now, lass. This will only hurt for a bit," he said, smirking.

“Lemme’ go!” protested Coco. With his free hand, Dingodile slapped Tiny over his thick skull to get the brute’s attention, then handed the struggling Coco over to a confused Tiny to hold.

“What are you doing?” cried Coco.

“Yeah, what Tiny doing?” rumbled the huge tiger.

“Just hold on, both of ya, and you’ll see!” smirked Dingodile.

As Tiny grasped each of Coco’s tiny hands in his huge paws, Coco heard a resounding slapping sound coming from behind her. Craning her neck, Coco caught the sight of Dingodile cracking his lizard-like tail against the floor, raising a cloud of dust.

“There, now dat I’m stretched out, let me know you how we handle naughty little ankle-biters down under…on *your* down under!”

In horror, Coco saw Dingodile wind up his tail, and knew exactly what he was aiming for…her behind! Instinctively, she turned away from Dingodile to face Tiny and shut her eyes tight, bracing for the impact.

CRACK!

Coco felt her legs kick up at the force of the impact, dangling in mid air as Tiny held her aloft. Even through her overalls, she could feel the sting and the rough texture of Dingodile’s scaly hide.

Dr. Cortex laughed maniacally as Dingodile began to whallop Coco. She gritted her teeth and tried to stay tough, but the slaps were becoming more and more painful.

"Ha ha! This is hilarious!" Dr. Cortex exclaimed. "Dingodile, give her everything you've got! Make her regret ever crossing my path!"

Dingodile grinned mischievously, relishing in the moment. He swung his tail with force, delivering stinging strikes to Coco's already sore bottom. She clenched her fists, determined to withstand the pain, but tears welled up in her eyes.

Dr. Cortex watched with twisted satisfaction. "Dingodile, you have to hit her harder!"

Dingodile complied, increasing the intensity of his strikes. Coco struggled to hold back her cries, her resolve wavering under the relentless punishment.

“She’s a tough little nipper. Hey, Tiny, put her down for a tik.”

Finally, it was over, or so Coco thought. Just as her sneakers touched the ground, Coco had just enough time to clutch her throbbing bottom, trying to rub the sting away through her jeans, when Dingodile’s claw snatched her by the wrist again. “Hey! No rubbing! Tiny, you keep holdin’ her. My tail is sore.”

Ignoring Dingodile’s warning, Coco continued trying to rub the fiery sensation away with her free hand, when she had a lightbulb moment. “Your tail is sore? So, that means you can’t spank me anymore, right?” Dingodile nodded, too distracted by his smarting tail to pay proper attention. She could hear Cortex laughing uncontrollably, but he wasn’t on

screen. He must have collapsed in fits of giggles, literally “ROFLMAOing” (rolling on the floor laughing his ass off).

Seeing her chance, Coco looked back to Tiny and fixed him with what she hoped was an authoritative, motherly gaze. “You hear that, Tiny? Dingodile says his tail is sore, so he can’t spank me any more. No more spanking.”

“No more spanking?” repeated Tiny, straining his brains hard to remember a sentence with more than two words.

“Yes, Tiny! No more spanking. Well, my tail is sore too, so you can’t spank me anymore.”

“No more spanking!” mused Tiny, obviously pleased with himself for understanding these complicated instructions.

But a disturbing thought was bouncing around in Tiny’s skull. Something didn’t seem right. “Wait! Tiny listen to Doctor Cortex. Tiny listen to Dingodile. You not boss of Tiny!”

Seeing her chance at escape slipping from her fingers, Coco decided to make an all-or-nothing gambit. “You don’t believe me? Ask Dingodile! Hey, Dingodile! Your tail is sore, so no more spanking, right?”

Coco was greeted by the half-disgusting, half-amusing sight of Dingodile nursing his tail like a mother cooing over a baby with a boo boo. “Wuh? Yeah, sure, sure. Tail’s sore so no more spankin’. There, there, tailey, you did a good job. Lemme’ kiss and make it better!”

As Dingo smooched his own tail, Coco turned back to Tiny to sell the deal. “See! Dingodile says, No more spanking!”

For an eternal moment, Coco looked into Tiny’s vacant eyes as he tried to process this information. Tiny blinked one eye, and then the other. This seemed to signal that his calculations were complete. “Dingodile say to Tiny…No more spanking. Okay!”

With a grin of triumph, Tiny lowered Coco to the floor and released her. Tiny raised his paws and roared with pride. “Tiny did it! Tiny am good listener!”

Coco made a dash for the exit, clutching her bottom with both hands as she sprinted. “Holy Wumpa! That actually worked!” The grating sound of Dr. Cortex’s laughter faded

away from Coco's ears as she reached for the latch of the nearest door, the world slowing down to a crawl around her! But as the frozen moment dragged on, Coco suddenly realized that it wasn't the stress and adrenaline making it feel like time was frozen around her. She was actually frozen in midair.

Coco hadn't just imagined the sounds in the room fading away. Dr. Cortex had actually stopped laughing, and wiped the tears of mirth away from his eyes just in time for his massive brain to assess the situation and activate a hidden stasis ray turret from his computer terminal.

"You idiots! Troglodytes! Missing links! You nearly let her just walk away from you?"

Pulling his smooching lips away from his own tail, Dingodile snapped back to reality. As he looked back and forth between the beaming Tiny, Coco frozen in midair, and a furious Dr. Cortex chewing him out on the TV screen, Dingodile lacked the intelligence to fully comprehend the situation, but he had just enough brains to know what to do next. "Croikey! I got the girl!"

Coco saw Dingodile charging towards her, until he smacked his face flat against the ball of energy that was holding her frozen in midair.

Dr. Cortex slapped his gloved palm against the giant N on his forehead. "No, you dingo-dullard! I got the girl for you. And lucky you, or I'd be having my fun with you and Tiny instead of with her!"

"Tiny like fun!" added Tiny, helpfully.

"Well, good news, Tiny! Your dearest Docty-wockty has some more fun planned for you!" Adjusting levers and buttons on his control panel, Dr. Cortex aimed the beam of the stasis ray so that Coco was slowly dragged into the grasp of Dingodile.

Coco's heart sank as Dingodile nestled himself on one of Dr. Cortex's endless supply of workbenches, just knowing that a second round of spanking was coming. Ruefully, Coco wondered if Cortex liked to keep these work benches spread around his fortress in case the desire to do some mad science or some bandicoot spanking struck him at any given moment. Sure enough, Dingodile pinned her across his lap, and the freeze ray finally deactivated, so that she slumped across his knee like a helpless ragdoll.

Dingodile barked an order at Tiny, who to Coco's amusement was still standing in triumph, under the assumption that he had done a very smart thing in letting her go.

“Well, at least I gave it my best shot. I used my head, not that it’s going to help my seat,” thought Coco.

Coco's heart began to race when she felt a tug at her overalls digging into her shoulder. With an impatient jerk, Dingo yanked at her pants roughly until Coco undid the single strap holding them up.

As Coco’s overalls tumbled down to her sneakers, she found herself wondering why she had just done that. “*I shouldn’t be helping this guy. Then again, the idiot might have tugged until he ripped the button off my favorite overalls.”*

“Oh, my science! Would you look at that? She wears underpants with coding language on them! How adorable! Is that a LISP language?”

“It’s GOOL, you ghoul,” mumbled Coco.

Cortex doubled up in another fit of wheezing giggles. “Ah, I see. They have ‘GOOL Power’ slapped across the center. How droll. Too bad they won’t be the only thing slapped across your bandi-caboose today!”

As Coco felt all eyes in the room on her computer-themed panties, she suddenly remembered Aku Aku’s strict warning to her before he and Crash left to fight Cortex.

“Stay here, and stay safe, my child. Your bruddah and I have some dangerous work to do!”

“No fair! Why does Crash get to go?”

“Crash is older than you, and Tawna is in trouble. Crash will have enough trouble without having to babysit his kid sister.”

“So you’re just leaving me here because I’m a girl?”

“Yes, I am leaving you here because you are a girl. A *little* girl. When you are older, there will be plenty of time for you to help Crash, and you can start helping right now by figuring out Dr. Cortex’s computah things. I got no idea how they work.”

“Well, I should come along in case you need me to get you past Dr. Cortex’s computer systems!”

“Oh, so you’re tellin’ me you can’t figure out these computah things right here from home?”

“Well, of course I can but—”

“Then no buts! You can do the thing you do best right here, where you’re safe, and Crash and I can do what we do best, which is breaking things.”

“Woah!” Crash added, confidently.

“But—”

“No more buts, Coco, or it’ll be your butt gettin’ spanked. I don’t have any hands of me own, but I love you kids like you were me own. And I’ll give Crash permission to do the honors if you don’t obey.”

As Aku Aku looked to Crash sternly, Crash bounced back and forth with his tongue sticking out. Using his wooden face (well, technically his entire body *was* a wooden face) as a blunt instrument, Aku Aku whacked Crash over the head sharply. Crash shook his head like a wet dog drying off, and responded with a “Woah!” and a hand gesture that unmistakably said “Spanking?”

“Yes, Crash. If Coco disobeys, you’ve got to spank her. I don’t like it, but dems da rulez.”

Coco had pouted and unconsciously folded her hands behind her to partially cover the seat of her pants. It wouldn’t have been the first time her older brother Crash had assumed a paternal duty for her.

Crash looked back and forth from Akuaku to Coco seriously, before giving a thumbs up and his most serious, “Woah!”

It occurred to Coco that despite Crash’s goofy demeanor, he didn’t miss much. He was such a great listener, too. Coco swallowed at the thought of being spanked by the best big brother in the entire world.

Satisfied that Crash understood his duty, Aku Aku returned his attention to Coco. “If you want to show me you’re old enough to help, then help us by obeying and doing what you can do best: figuring out these computah’ things.”

Coco pouted and huffed, but she couldn't come up with an argument. She knew that technically, Aku Aku was right. Cracking Cortex's system could take weeks, she had everything she needed to do the job right here in their hut, and running off to beat up bad guys with Crash probably would distract her from that job, but still…Why should Crash get all the fun?

Aku Aku lowered his thick, colorful eyebrows seriously. "Coco, are you gonna' do as I ask? I want your promise."

Coco sighed, and blew her hair out of her eye with an angry huff. "Yes, sir."

Coco had meant to keep her promise. She really did. But it turned out that Dr. Cortex was pretty inept when it came to network security. His strong suit was building giant death lasers, not coming up with strong passwords to secure his giant death lasers.

After creating a sock puppet email account, Cocco successfully phished Dr. Cortex's private data on her first try. Her email read: "ATTENTION! Does your MASSIVE brain give you a SMARTING headache? [CLICK HERE] for a FREE FREE FREE sample of Head On (TM), Applied DIRECTLY to the FOREHEAD!"

And so, Coco the Phishing Master had nothing left to do but sit around the house. Could Aku Aku really blame her for wanting to test her findings in the field? It wasn't really disobeying, was it? Maybe disobeying the letter of the law, but not the spirit of the law, right?

As Coco reflected on this question, Tiny raised a paw into the air. It had taken a while, but Dingodile had successfully been able to communicate the concept of "Tiny spank Coco's butt with paw."

Dr. Cortex watched with twisted delight, his sinister grin widening. "Show her no mercy, Tiny! Let her feel the consequences of her foolish actions!"

As the punishment began, Tiny and Dingodile taking turns slapping Coco's tush at a steady rhythm, it occurred to Coco that Tiny was sort of the same but sort of the opposite of Crash. She imagined trying to explain all her fancy reasoning to Crash, but inside she knew how disappointed Crash would be that Coco had broken her promise and ran away. She imagined how, unlike Cortex and his mooks, Crash would take no pleasure out of spanking her.

Dingodile and Tiny changed up their steady pattern of taking turns by slapping each of Coco's cheeks together in unison once, before returning to the old one-two, one-two rhythm. Coco distinctly heard Tiny humming the tune of "pattycake, pattycake, baker's man," to keep up his timing.

"The only thing I can do is try to talk my way out of this!"

With a pang of guilt, accompanied by a pang of pain from both cheeks, Coco suddenly felt that she deserved what was about to happen to her. Getting spanked by these two brutes couldn't possibly be as terrible as letting down Crash.

"No. There's no talking my way out of a spanking this time. But I can still stall for time!"

Coco craned her neck to look at the TV monitor, and managed to gasp out defiantly between spanks. "Hey! Owch! Dr. Cortex? Oouch! Are you a fan of—Yowch!—Coding?"

"Oh, don't worry, Miss Bandicoot, there will be plenty of time to interrogate you about how you hacked my systems after we have our fun," crowed Cortex, as he applied his free sample of Head On directly to his forehead.

"So, what's—wahOow!—the interrogation going to be? M-more—WOAH!—More spanking?"

Dr. Cortex stroked his goatee dramatically, holding the stick of Head On like a cigar between his fingers to try and look cool. "Well, um, yes, I suppose. We haven't really had time to get the interior decorator in to install a proper torture chamber. This lair is sort of a fixer-upper. But who needs a torture chamber when we can just spank you stupid?"

"Wuh—HELL! W-well, that seems like it would get boring after a while, don't you—YOW!— donchya' think?"

"If you're bored, I could always take over. You may think Tiny and Dingodile are good spankers, but they're just a warm up. My niece Nina could provide you with smarting testimony that Dr. Neo Cortex is the most fearsome spanker on earth!"

"Oh no, not for me! YEE! I mean, for you! HOO! Don't you want some more variety? WHOOP! Surely a mind as expansive as yours can't stand something as repetitive as just watching me get spanked—AHOW!—s-spanked by these two clods. I doubt they have the intellect to appreciate the subtleties of this sort of thing. YIKES!"

“I’m a busy megalomaniac, Miss Bandicoot. I could always amuse myself with a few doomsday weapons while they carry on with your spanking in the background. It’s like relaxing music to me. Helps me concentrate. So unless you have any suggestions…” Cortex waved his hand in a way that silently told Dingodile to carry on with the punishment. This was of course too subtle for Tiny. Dingodile elbowed Tiny to get his attention, and Tiny responded by wrapping a claw around Dingodile’s throat with enough force to make the Australian chimera’s face puff up like a balloon. They were only stopped from dropping Coco and fighting each other by a tirade from Dr. Cortex.

Coco was thrilled at her ability to stall for time, but she knew she was losing Cortex’s interest. Eager to avoid another telling off, Tiny and Dingodile renewed their efforts to spank Coco silly, like good little minions.

Gritting her teeth, Coco ignored the flurry of spanks as best she could. “Do your worst, Cortex. Ack! I’m more afraid of a spanking from Crash Bandicoot than I am from you, and do you know why? Aah! Because he wouldn’t stop at spanking me over my overalls, or even over my adorable, lucky, computer-coding geek girl panties. WAAH! No sir! When he finds out that I disobeyed and went after you alone, he’ll be spanking me over my bare—OH!!!—My bare, bandicoot butt!”

Just as Cortex was about to turn away to enjoy an evening of doomsday science accompanied by relaxing Coco Bandicoot spanking ASMR to help him relax and concentrate, he stiffened. “Oh, dear! Who would have thought that goody-two-shoes bandicoot could be capable of such barbarity? Well, don’t worry dear, consider me your own personal Bandicoot child protective service agent. I’ll never let that coot of a bandicoot lay a hand on you ever again!”

“I’m not the one who needs protection from Crash! YOW! You are! And when Crash spanks me—HEEE! I-it isn’t abuse! Crash will only teach me a lesson because I deserve it and because he loves me—YEEE! Something that you’ll never understand!”

Dingodile paused dramatically to await instructions from Cortex. The moment was spoiled when Tiny landed another smack, unable to process anything other than “spank Coco.” Dingo kneed Tiny to get his attention and pointed to the TV where Dr. Cortex’s face blazed with silent fury. As Tiny’s massive paw hovered menacingly in the air, Coco's body tensed, her mind filled with a mixture of fear and determination. She knew she couldn't take much more without breaking down crying.

“Well, Miss Bandicoot, since you love that dullard Crash so much, I’d hate for you to feel homesick. Dingodile, bare her bottom, so that she can feel right at home with us too! I’ll be down momentarily to show you two dullards how to give a proper hiding. In the meantime, keep her warm for me. You know I can’t resist a couple warm hot cross buns fresh from the oven!”

Coco knew that this was coming. She had tried the old “Br’er rabbit in the briar patch” trick on Cortex, and Coco pictured her rear end landing directly on that briar patch. Dutifully, Coco lifted her bottom into the air a few inches so that Dingodile could unceremoniously tug down her lucky GOOL-Power panties. As the cotton brushed against her sensitive backside, she felt a prickle. Underneath her thick, orange and white fur, Coco knew her bottom must be red and swollen already.

Tiny growled, his eyes fixed on Coco’s quivering tail. Without hesitation, he brought his massive paw down, the impact echoing through the room. Coco let out a stifled cry, feeling the sheer force of the blow.

With each subsequent strike, the room seemed to shake. Dingo seemed determined to prove that he could be nearly as good as Tiny in the muscle department. Coco's body jolted forward with each punishing slap, tears streaming down her face. The pain intensified with each strike, making it harder for her to maintain her composure.

The latch clicked on the metallic door and it slid into the wall with an echoing din. As promised, Cortex had arrived to add the personal finishing touch. His laughter echoed through the room, his sadistic delight unabated.

Coco clenched her fists, refusing to give Dr. Cortex the satisfaction of breaking her spirit. She gritted her teeth, determined not to let out a cry, but the pain seared through her, threatening to shatter her resolve.

But just as the punishment seemed unbearable, it stopped.

"That’s enough, boys! She needs to learn her lesson, and I’m just the one to learn her!"

“Tiny think proper grammar be ‘teach her,’ not ‘learn her.’”

Gasping for breath, and ashamed to feel tears streaming down her cheeks, Coco lifted her head to face Cortex. His hand was raised in a halting gesture that even Tiny understood meant, “Shut up, Tiny.”

“Now, my butt-hurt little Bandicoot, I recollect that you claimed you were more afraid of a spanking from Crash than from me? Well, I’ve never lost an argument on the internet, and I’m not about to lose one in real life either! Now, what empirical proof could I possibly offer to persuade you that I am, objectively speaking, a superior spanker?”

Coco shrugged. “I suppose you could spank me?”

Cortex rolled back his head with laughter until he bent over with a stitch in his side. “I like you, Miss Bandicoot. Once you learn the proper respect, you’ll make a much more useful slave than any of the abominations I’ve cranked out of the genetic modification lab over the past few years, your brother included. Now, if I tell Dingo to let you down off his lap, will you try to run away like a naughty girl, or will you come to Daddy Cortex like a good girl and let papa spank?”

Coco weighed her options, and a plan formed in her mind. If she made a run for it now, Tiny and Dingo would be after her in a heartbeat. But Cortex was away from his control board and inviting her over his lap. If she put the twerp into a headlock, she could use him as a hostage and make her escape. But would he be looking for a move like that? Letting him spank her would be unpleasant, but it might lull him into a false sense of security.

As Coco looked deep into Cortex’s soulless, sadistic eyes, she understood him. He was a man who was going to enjoy spanking her, and would probably do a thorough job of it. He wanted to prove something to her, that he was the stronger man than Crash or some macho nonsense like that. And Coco silently made this mental calculation:

“I am going to let this man spank me because it’s my best chance to stall for time and get close to him. I am going to let this man spank me because he thinks he’s better than Crash and I don’t want to give him the satisfaction of watching me run away. I’m going to let this man spank me and play the scared, sorry little girl, just like he wants. And then, I am going to get up off his lap, put this dork in a rear chokehold, and walk out of here.”

Coco widened her eyes into what she hoped was a convincing “whipped puppy dog” expression. “P-papa? You mean, you’re my father?”

“Well, not technically, but as your creator I suppose I might be considered your legal guardian, and I like to think of myself as a tyrannical, overbearing father to all my subjects!”

“I-I’ve always wanted a daddy. Please, oh please! Let me serve you as your loyal daughter!”

Cortex’s shriveled chest swelled to its fullest extent. “Well, after the disappointing loss of Dr. N. Brio, it would be nice to have another computer geek around to keep me company. Someone who could appreciate the sophistication of my plans for world domination. I suppose I can take you on as a probationary servant. Once you prove your usefulness, and your loyalty, I might even come to think of you as a worthy successor one day. But of course, *if* I could possibly be persuaded to be your, ahem, ‘Daddy,’ as you so charmingly put it, I expect your full obedience and gratitude first. And you can start by marching your tail over here and accepting your punishment like an obedient daughter should.”

“Yes…Papa!” Stifling a few choice words that were not rated E for everyone, Coco folded her hands meekly in front of her and approached Cortex. She noticed that her “GOOL Power” panties were dangling from one foot.

“None of that ‘papa’ stuff, yet. You will refer to me as ‘Dr. Cortex’ and ‘Sir’ for now. We’ll discuss adoption after I take over the world. It will make the paper work so much simpler!”

“Yes, Dr. Cortex, sir.” Coco internally swallowed her screams of unbridled fury as she lay across Dr. Cortex’s lap.

“And let’s tuck these away somewhere safe. Wouldn’t want you to lose your lucky underpants, would we?” teased Cortex as he plucked them off her foot and folded them nicely on the floor where she could see them.

She imagined the mechanics of the chokehold. She’d sit up, pretend to cry in his lap (though she might not need to pretend), gently put her arm around his head as though wanting to hug him, and…

WHAMMO!

Dr. Cortex landed a firm swat on Coco’s backside with his gloved hand. He was not as strong as Tiny or Dingodile, but Coco had enough time to appreciate that he wasn’t just bragging about his experience as a spanker. Tiny and Dingo had sort of waved their arms and slapped their palms against her rear like they were trying to swat a wasp. But Cortex aimed a well-placed spank on the center of her bottom just below her cheeks. Angling the stroke upward, Cortex produced a resounding clap, and thought about the

beauty of Newtonian physics as the impact reverberated through Coco's bottom in ripples.

Nonchalantly, Cortex let out a puff of hot air to warm up the palm of his glove. "See, boys? This is how it's done!" With that, Cortex landed a series of quick, firm strokes, one on Coco's left cheek, then her right, then again in the center. As the last one landed with a reverberating crack, a lot of things suddenly happened at once.

A cacophony of crashing sounds reverberated throughout the room. At the exact instant Cortex's palm landed on his target, Crash Bandicoot had burst into the room, kicking down the metal door with a tornado attack. On Crash's face, he wore the mystical mask Aku Aku, who chanted a war song. But because this all happened in one instant, Tiny, Dingodile, and Cortex all assumed that the loud sound they heard was the resounding clap of a spanked bandicoot bottom.

Coco knew her moment had arrived. Twisting off of Cortex's lap, and spraining his wimpy wrist that couldn't hold her down, Coco hooked her left arm around Cortex's neck and used her leverage to stand up and pull Cortex off balance.

Empowered by the magic of the mask, Crash barreled into Tiny the Tiger in a flurry of fists and feet. "WOAH! [Translation: Leave my sister alone!]"

Dr. Cortex's face twisted with rage and disbelief. "No! How did you...?!" But Coco's judo reflexes didn't give him time to finish. Hooking her free hand into Cortex's belt, she lifted the mad scientist off his feet and threw him bodily to the floor. Coco heard a screech of protest from the bad doctor, and felt a scream of protest from her spanked bottom, as she sat on his back, but she ignored it. Fighting through the pain, Coco pinned Cortex's right arm and lifted it up backwards, pinning it tightly between her legs and arms as the little man squealed like a girl. Cortex managed to get a glimpse of a furry, well-spanked bandicoot backside before it slapped against his face and rolled over him, followed by the snap of his arm.

In close combat martial arts, one's rumpus is often an essential weapon in the midst of a rumpus.

Crash and Aku Aku fought valiantly, their combined strength overwhelming Tiny. It was Dingodile's turn to be confused. "Dr. Cortex? What should I do? I think Crash is invincible until the mask—" Dingodile was greeted by the sound of Dr. Cortex crying like the little bitch he was as Coco cannonballed directly onto his back. With no help coming

from that direction, Dingodile turned to Crash, thinking if he could only pry the mask off, he'd have a chance.

Coco seized the opportunity amidst the chaos. Summoning all her courage, and plopped her weight down onto the distracted Dingodile's tail.

Unfortunately, Dingodile whipped his tail around his body to find the source of the trouble. "Bugger! Leggo me tail, sheila!" Coco held on for dear life, and had just enough time to process that she had lost her panties and that her bare bottom was hanging out, when her and Dingodile's eyes met.

Not quite knowing how else to get her off, he aimed his hand instinctively on the nearest target of opportunity.

SPANKO!

Of course, the nearest target of opportunity was her ass. I mean, what else did you expect?

It was too much. Tears in her eyes, Coco clutched her poor bottom with both hands and slid off the tail.

"That'll teach ya, ya saucy c—" before Dingodile could finish a distinctively Australian curse, Crash Bandicoot came crashing into his face.

With Dingodile getting thoroughly trounced, Coco turned her attention back to Cortex, who was stumbling back onto his feet to make a hasty retreat. She darted forward and launched herself at him, delivering a swift kick to his back that sent him careening through the open door and down a conveniently placed bottomless pit.

When Coco turned around, she was greeted by the sight of Crash whipping Dingodile around by the tail before defenestrating the Aussie through one of Dr. Cortex's overly decorative stained-glass windows. (If you're curious, it had Cortex's face on it before Dingodile's face went smashing through it.)

Tiny woke up long enough to see this defeat, and at a ferocious glance from Crash, Tiny helpfully threw himself out the window after Dingodile.

Finally, the room fell into a momentary stillness. Crash approached Coco, his eyes filled with relief and concern. He held out his hand gently and uttered a “Woah!” full of love and forgiveness. Coco accepted it, her heart swelling with gratitude.

"Crash... I love you," she managed to say through her tears, her voice filled with a mixture of exhaustion and affection.

Crash pulled her into a warm embrace, his arms encircling her trembling frame. "WOAH! [Translation: I love you too, Coco! I'm just glad you're safe]," he whispered, his voice filled with genuine relief.

Coco wiped away her tears, before shifting her attention to the red marks on her bottom. She gently massaged the lingering sting, finding solace in the fact that she was finally safe with her family.

Just then, Coco had a moment of dawning comprehension. “I don’t have any pants on!”

Frantically, Coco snatched up her lucky GOOL Power panties right where Cortex had tidily left them. She danced a little as the elastic snapped into place across her swollen, fluffy, puffy posterior.

Just as Coco was retrieving her blue overalls, she heard Aku Aku’s deep, baritone hum. "Coco, you know you shouldn't have come here alone. You broke your promise. You disobeyed. We could have lost you to Cortex forever!"

Coco looked down, feeling ashamed, "I know, I'm sorry."

Crash looked at Aku Aku for guidance, unsure of what to do.

The mask clicked his wooden tongue. "Tsk, tsk! Coco, you need to learn from your mistakes and not take foolish risks like this again. See dat wooden crate over there? Go assume the position so Crash can give you the spanking you deserve."

Coco nodded. "I understand." She obediently placed her hands on the crate, feeling a mix of shame and regret. "I'm sorry, Crash. I just wanted to help…But I shouldn’t have broken my promise to you. No excuses for that."

Crash sighed. "Woah. [It's okay, Coco. I'm sorry I have to do this.]" He rubbed her back for a moment before wrapping his left arm supportively around her waist and raising his

right hand to spank her. Coco flinched as his gloved hand made contact with her bottom at a careful, almost gentle pace, and she started to cry softly.

Crash never spanked Coco all that hard. But Coco hadn't lied to Cortex either. She wasn't afraid of the pain. She had been afraid of the disappointment.

Aku Aku nodded his approval. "Okay, Crash, I think Coco's been spanked plenty for one day. Let's go—"

Hotly, Crash and Coco both flashed Aku Aku a look that shut him up.

"WOAH!" they both said together, before Coco translated. "Crash is the one who's in charge of spanking me, Aku Aku. I'm sorry for breaking my promise to you, too, but the spanking I got from Dr. Cortex and his grunts doesn't count as my punishment. In fact, I refuse to dignify it as a spanking at all. Only Crash has the right to tan my hide, and I want to let him do his job."

Crash nodded an affirmative, "Woah!"

"I see. Forgive me for interferin', Coco. I can see this is important to ya. Just know that I forgive ya. All right, Crash, finish what ya started."

Bobbing his head, Crash returned his attention to his most important task.

Coco looked back at him, with fierce determination. "Crash, earlier, I told Cortex that when you got me home, you would give me a spanking on my bare bottom. Don't make me a liar!" Hooking her thumbs into either side of her gamer-geek-girl undies, Coco lowered them to just below her bottom. This was how she and Crash always did it at home. It helped Coco participate in her punishment and practice discipline. Now that Coco had been spanked by someone other than Crash, she was suddenly appreciative of this little detail from their routine.

After Crash and Coco exchanged another, "Woah!" of agreement, Crash released his left arm from around Coco's waist and began the final spanking of Coco's long day with a tornado-like flurry of quick spanks with both hands.

Crash didn't spank hard, but he did spank long. After a few minutes of peppering, Coco's fierce determination melted into uncontrolled, plaintive sobs.

After a few final smacks to Coco’s lower thighs, Crash stopped and hugged Coco tightly. "Woah! [Translation: You were very brave, Coco. But please don't ever put yourself in danger like that again,]" he said, his voice filled with concern. Coco hugged him back, feeling grateful for her brother's love and protection.

“Thank you, Crash. And I'm sorry," she said, as she snuggled up next to him.

Coco wiped away her tears and examined the red marks on her bottom in her reflection on the tv screen Cortex had appeared on earlier while tormenting her. Although the fur on her bottom was thick, the red glow actually shone through it. She tried to rub the sting out, but it was completely futile. So, she put her panties and overalls back on, relieved to finally be safe with her family.

Aku Aku smiled, "All is forgiven, my children. Let's go home."

With every step, Coco felt a sharp twinge from each cheek. She found it strangely comforting, like it was a little reminder that she was finally journeying home.

When she and Crash approached one of Cortex’s bottomless pitfalls, Crash lightly scooped her up in his arms and hopped across it. When they landed, Coco noticed he didn’t put her back down, and didn’t protest. She let Crash carry her all the way home, and found she had dozed off in his arms. She awoke just as Crash was laying her down on her bed, careful to lay her down on her side so her sore bottom never touched the mattress.

“Best big brother in the whole wide world,” mumbled Coco, dreamily. As Crash laid a blanket over Coco, she drifted right back to sleep.

The End

[Note: This story was originally written in 2023, when I was still using ChatGPT regularly as a writing aide. The first draft of this story was written in an AI chatlog, then edited and expanded upon by myself for the final draft.]